



"IN DUMB SIGNIFICANTS PROCLAIM YOUR THOUGHTS."—SHAKESPEARE.

Vol. VI. WASHINGTON, D. C., FEBRUARY 15, 1876.

No. 4.

A VALENTINE.

THERE are some being who, from birth,
Seem soul-crowned far above the rest—
To them, all high things on the earth,
All things most beauteous and best,
Come bending low; where'er they turn
Heaven's richest blessings on them fall,
And voices soft as doves at morn
In sweet Spring season round them call.
As if when from her briny bed
The Goddess rose to upper air,
She o'er her favorite children shed
Some subtle influence from her hair;
Some perfume potent to subdue,
Breathing the spells the mermaids knew
In ocean's deepest amber caves,
In amber caves beneath the waves.
They need not speak, they need not smile,
Yet lips and eyes with magic art,
Are weaving round them all the while,
The blissful chains which bind the heart.
And I have met with one of these,
But when or where I will not say—
Whether in isles beyond the seas,
Or when a careless boy at play,
I knew not time nor place that day.—N. Y. Clipper.

CARDS SPIRITUALIZED.

THE following curious article is taken from an English newspaper of the year of 1773, and is there called, "The Perpetual Almanac; or the Soldiers' Prayer Book," by Richard Lane, a private soldier, belonging to the 24th regiment, who was taken before the Mayor of Glasgow for playing cards during divine service.

The sergeant commanded the soldiers to church, and when the parson reads his prayers and took the text, those who had a Bible took it out; but this soldier had neither a Bible or a common prayer book, but pulling out a pack of cards, he spread them out before him. He first looked at one card and then at another. The sergeant of the company saw him and said:

"Richard, put up those cards; this is no place for them."

"Never mind that," said Richard.

When the services was over, the constable took Richard prisoner, and brought him before the mayor.

"Well," said the mayor, "what have you brought this soldier here for?"

"For playing cards in church."

"Well, soldier, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Much, sir, I hope."

"Very good; if not I will punish you more than man ever was punished."

"I have been," said the soldier, "about six weeks on the march; I have nothing but a pack of cards, and I hope to satisfy your worship of the purity of my intention."

"Very good," said the mayor.

Then spreading the cards before the mayor, he began with the ace:

"When I see the ace, it reminds me there is but one God.

"When I see the deuce, it reminds me of the Father and Son.
"When I see the tray, it reminds me of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

"When I see the four, it reminds me of the four evangelists that preached, viz.: Matthew, Mark, Luke and John.

"When I see the five, it reminds me of the five wise virgins that trimmed their lamps. There were ten virgins, but five were fools, and were sent out.

"When I see the six, it reminds me that in six days the Lord made heaven and earth.

"When I see the seven, it reminds me that on the seventh day God rested from the works he made, and hallowed it.

"When I see the eight, it reminds me of the eight righteous persons that were saved when God drowned the world, viz.: Noah and his wife, his three sons and their wives.

"When I see the nine, it reminds me of the nine lepers that were cleaned by our Savior. There were ten, but nine never returned thanks.

"When I see the ten, it reminds me of the ten commandments, which God handed down to Moses on a table of stone.

"When I see the king, it reminds me of the Great King of Heaven, which is God Almighty.

"When I see the queen, it reminds me of the Queen of Sheba, who went to hear the wisdom of Solomon, for she was as wise a woman as he was man. She brought with her fifty boys and fifty girls, all dressed in boy's apparel, for King Solomon to tell which were boys and which were girls. King Solomon sent for water for them to wash themselves; the girls washed to the elbows, and the boys only to the wrists—so King Solomon told by this."

"Well," said the mayor, "you have given a description of every card in the pack except one."

"What is that," said the soldier.

"The knave," said the mayor.

"I will give your honor a description of that, too, if you will not be angry."

"I will not," said the mayor, "if you will not term me to be a knave."

"Well," said the soldier, "the greatest knave I know of is the constable who brought me here."

"I do not know," said the mayor, "whether he is the greatest knave, but I know he's the greatest fool."

"When I count how many spots there is in a pack, I find three hundred and sixty-five—as many as there are days in a year.

"When I count the number of cards in a pack, I find there is fifty-two—as many weeks as there are in a year, and I find four suits—the number of weeks in a month.

"I find there are twelve picture cards in the pack, representing the number of months in the year, and counting the tricks, I find thirteen—the number of weeks in a quarter.

"So you see, sir, the pack of cards serves for a Bible, almanac, and common prayer book to me."

UGLY GREG.

At the Detroit House of Correction, a year or so ago, the high, white-washed walls of the corridors were furnished with brackets and flower-pots to relieve the monotony, and take away some of the gloom. One would scarcely think that the rough looking, wicked men sent there for robbery, burglary, arson, and graver crimes, would have cared for the change, yet they gladly welcomed it. A rose, or geranium, or tulip, or pink seemed to bring liberty and sunshine a little nearer, and to drive the evil out of their hearts and it was a strange sight to see hardened criminals watering and nourishing the tender plants and watching their daily growth.

Two or three months before the brackets were hung up, a prisoner came from one of the Territories—an old, sullen-looking, bad tempered man, convicted of robbing the mails. They called him "Greg" as short for Gregory, and it wasn't long before they made it "Ugly Greg." He was ugly. He refused to work, cared nothing for rules and regulations, and twenty-eight days out of his first month were spent in the "solitary" for bad behavior. He was expostulated with, threatened and punished, but he had a will as hard as iron. He hadn't a friend in the prison, and the knowledge of it seemed to make him more ugly and desperate. When the brackets were hung up there was one to spare, and it was placed near the door of Ugly Greg's cell until another spot could be found. No one had any hope that the old man's heart could be softened, and some said he would dash the flower-pot to the floor.

When he came in from the shops his face expressed surprise at sight of the little green rosebud so close to the door of his cell. He scented it, carefully placed it back, and it was noticed that the hard lines melted out of his face for a time. No one said anything to him, but the next morning before he went to work, he carefully watered the rose, and his eyes lost something of their sullen look. Would you believe that the little rose bush proved more powerful than all the arguments and threats of the keepers? It did, strangely enough. As the days went by the old man lost his obstinacy and his gloominess, and he obeyed order as well and as cheerfully as the best man in prison. His face took on a new look, his whole bearing changed, and the keepers looked at him and wondered if he could be the man Greg of four or five months before. He watched the rose as a mother would watch a child, and it came to be understood that it was his. While some of the other flowers died for want of care, the rose-tree grew and thrived and made the old man proud. He carried it into his cell at night and replaced it in the morning, and sometimes he would talk to it as if it were a human being. Its presence opened his lonesome heart and planted good seed there, and from the day the bracket was hung up no keeper had the least trouble with Ugly Greg.

A few weeks ago he was taken sick, and when he went to the hospital the rose-tree went with him, and was placed where the warm sun could give it the nourishment it needed. After a day or two it was hoped that the old man would get better, but he kept sinking and growing feebler. So long as his eyes were open he would watch the rose, and when he slept he seemed to dream of it. One day when the nurse found an opening bud he rejoiced as heartily as if his pardon papers had arrived. The bud was larger the next day, and the rose could be seen bursting through. The flower-pot was placed on the bed, near the old man's face, that he might watch the bud blossom into a rose, and he was so quiet that the nurse did not approach him again for hours. The warm spring sun glided through the bars and kissed the opening bud, and then fell off in showers over the old man's pale face,

erasing every line of guilt and ugliness which had ever been raised.

At noon the nurse saw that the rose had blossomed and she whispered in the old man's ear:

"Greg, Greg, the rose has blossomed—wake up."

He did not move. She felt his cheek and it was cold.

Ugly Greg was dead.

One hand rested under his gray locks, while the other clasped the flower-pot, and the new-born rose bent down until it almost touched his cold face. His life had gone out just when his weeks of weary watching for a blossom were to be repaid, but the rose-tree's mission was accomplished.—*Free Press.*

PARISIAN HOUSES.

Mr. H. A. OAKLEY, of New York, who has been investigating Paris with the purpose of improving the so-called "flats" of the former city, thus describes how the genuine Parisian lives when he is at home:

In Paris they have no warehouses as we know them, buildings entirely devoted to business. The first floor, always flush with the street, is used for store purposes. This is the case with 90 per cent. of the apartment dwellings. Above the store is the entresol story, and above that are three or perhaps four floors. Each floor is a flat complete in itself, with all the details of a residence on the one floor. The great majority of the Parisians live in these houses. Our private houses, with one family spreading itself up and down over several floors, correspond to their "hotels," which are in use only by a few counts or dukes and the like, having plenty of money and anxious for a show.

The plan almost universally adopted is that with an interior court, to which a broad portecochere affords access. The foot-passenger also enters at this passage. On one side are the conciergerie or office, in which the janitor and his wife lives. Two rooms are generally found sufficient for their use. Opposite the porter's rooms on the other side of the carriage way is the entrance to the floors above—the "front entrance," as we should call it. An easy staircase leads up, and on each story a single door is met. This door is a tenant private hall door. Within that door he and his family are in privacy, cut off entirely from all the other tenants as effectively as if he lived next door or around the corner. He finds on that floor his sleeping rooms, his dining-room, parlor, library, kitchen, laundry, bath-rooms and closets of every kind. There is no connection with the floors above or below. Elevators are not used at all, neither are dumb waiters or lifts. The communication is by staircases, the public one, and a smaller set for the servants. The construction is fire-proof.

The outer walls are solidly built of brick or stone, and the interior partitions laid up in plaster of paris. If they are to be permanent iron ribs are first set and the plaster put on soft. The scratch coat, brown coat and white coat style of plastering which we have is unknown there. Take a floor, for instance: wooden or iron beams are used, and one is precisely as fire-proof as the other, provided it is properly protected. If wood is employed a piece of slate is dropped between the beams, held up by nails; on this plaster is poured up level with the top of the beams; on this again a layer of cement is spread and floated level, and then the floor boards are laid. Below pure plaster is alone used, and a ceiling is secured which never shows a sign of cracking be the house ever so old. When partitions are put in they meet a fire-proof surface at floor and ceiling. I remember during my stay in Paris seeing a house afire, or rather a floor. The furniture was completely consumed, and yet the other stories above and below

were not injured sufficiently to warrant the putting in of a claim for damages. Neither water nor fire could work a way through the floor or ceilings.

In the few houses where stores do not occupy the street floor a stable is placed in the court. I lived during my stay there in a residence having a stable in the court, and did not feel the least inconvenience. If they were properly constructed we might have the same here. This arrangement is in case any of the tenants of the house should desire to keep a pair of horses, which is not unfrequently the case. Beyond these two modifications I know of no other changes. In all the better classes of apartment houses but one flat is allowed to occupy a floor. There is no extra crowding. One mistake made here is that our lots are not adapted to the work attempted. The lots are too narrow and deep if we strive to give everybody a set of front windows. In Paris the passage-way leading to the court allows access to a second set of flats, put up as what we would call a rear building. I found no objection to these apartments on that ground, and there should be none in New York.

The living in one of these set of apartments is delightful. There is the least trouble with the greatest amount of comfort. All visitors are seen by the janitor or his wife. If they are known they pass up at once. If not the porter answers all questions and directs them to the proper floor, and at the same time touches a knob and rings a bell in the servants' room of the flat to which the visitor is going. On the arrival at the proper height he finds the servant ready to receive him. At night the outer door is closed at a certain time, say eleven o'clock. After that hour the touching of a button without rouses the porter, who may by means of a speaking tube inquire your name and business. If all is right, he draws the bolt by touching a button at his bedside, and you go in, the door closing behind again.

HOW VALENTINES ARE MADE.

MODERN valentines, aside from the valuable presents often contained in them, are very pretty things and they are growing prettier every year, since large business houses spare neither skill or money in getting them up. The most interesting thing about them to "grown-ups," is the way they are made; and, perhaps, even you youngsters, who watch eagerly for the postman, "sinking beneath the load of delicate embarrassments not his own," would like to know how satin and lace and flowers and other dainty things grew into a valentine.

It was no fairy's handiwork. It went through the hands of grimy-looking workmen and dowdy-looking girls; it made familiar acquaintance with sand-paper, and glue-pots, and steel-stamps, and inky presses, and paint-brushes, and all sorts of unpleasant things before it reached your hands.

To be sure a dreamy artist may have designed it, but a lithographer with inky fingers printed the picture part of it; a die-cutter with sleeves rolled up made a pattern in steel of the lace-work on the edge; and a dingy-looking pressman with a paper-hat on stamped the pattern around the picture. Another hard-handed workman rubbed the back of the stamped lace with sand-paper till it came in holes and looked like lace, and not merely like stamped paper; and a row of girls at a common long table—talking about their own narrow lives, the hard times, and so forth—put on the colors with stencils, gummed on the hearts and darts and cupids and flowers and mirrors and doors and curtains, and stuck in the sachet-powder, and tied up the bows, and sewed on the fringes, and tucked in the handkerchief or other gift, and otherwise finished the thing exactly like the pattern before them.

You see the sentiment about a valentine does not begin yet. To all these workmen it is merely their daily work, and to them means only bread and butter and a home. It is not until Tom, Dick, or Harry takes it from the stationer and writes your name on it that it acquires, in some mysterious way, the sentiment that makes it such a nice thing to get.

The hideous abomination called a "comic valentine," which is merely a cruel or a low-minded insult to the receiver, is beneath the notice of any gentleman, whether he is five or fifty years old, and I'm sure no *St. Nicholas* boy cares to know just how it is made.—*St. Nicholas*.

DEAF-MUTE CHURCH MISSION.

ON Sunday forenoon, January 23, 1876, at St. Ann's Church, the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet preached from St. Matthew viii. 13; "Go thy way, and as thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee." He closed his sermon with the following allusion to Miss Clarissa Caldwell:

"At an early hour on Tuesday last, as darkness was giving way to light, the angels bore the spirit of an aged saint to paradise. She had been a woman of great faith, and had consequently received remarkable blessings. Had she lived till the 8th of April next, she would have been 100 years of age. She died in the same house in which she was born. It was my privilege to join with her Rector and other friends in the funeral services, which was held last Thursday afternoon in Christ Church, Guilford, Connecticut.

"She was one of the first friends of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. She attended its services when they were held in the small chapel of the New York University. With her large, appreciative, and sympathetic heart, she seemed to foresee the good which this Church would eventually accomplish for Deaf-Mutes of the country. She was doubtless led to her special interest in this Church from the fact that one of her grand nieces, Cornelia Lathrop, was a Deaf-Mute. I allude to this young lady by name, because the late Bishop Lee, of Iowa, wrote her memoir, and because I have often referred to her last illness and touching burial, among the providential circumstances which led to the establishment of this parish.

"I can hardly realize that this aged saint whose life and character were moulded by genuine faith in the whole Gospel system, was 75 years of age when she aided us so effectually in laying the foundations of St. Ann's Church. Before becoming too feeble to make her annual visits to this city, she worshipped with us several times in this very church building, and rejoiced with us at our success. We have doubtless had her kind remembrances and her prayers to the last, for her mind was clear until the very moment she fell asleep in the Lord. After her long life of devotion to her Master's services, she left a portion of her moderate property to support the work so dear to her heart. She set a good example to all Christian people by a legacy of \$500 to her parish church, and \$100 to the Society for the Increase of the Ministry.

"The name of Miss Clarissa Caldwell, I trust, will be always remembered in this parish as one of its most earnest friends and benefactors."—*Church Journal and Messenger*.

LIFE has its thorns in every position, but the consciousness of having used one's powers and endeavors to promote the happiness and good will of our fellow-beings, is a good comfort when we find the thorns lying thickly scattered around us.

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THE UNEDUCATED DEAF-MUTE.

[From the last (1874 and 1875) Report of the Iowa Institution.]

SOCIETY cannot afford to let its dangerous members to multiply and increase. They must be kept back, repressed and disarmed. An uneducated deaf-mute is a defective, and if neglected, may become a dangerous member of society. Growing up without restraint from the real, or supposed inability of parents or friends to control him; with the stature, the bodily strength, and passions of a man, but with the mind of a child; with a feeble moral sense, and an almost entire ignorance of right and wrong; impatient of opposition, and quick to resent affront and injury, either real or imaginary; unable to understand the best directed efforts for his improvement, and in his ignorance, accounting his best friends his greatest enemies—the uneducated deaf-mute is little, if any, higher than the more intelligent animals. He eats, and drinks, and sleeps, as they do; he works as they do, at drudgery and the simplest labor, when he pleases; but at times he may be more unmanageable and less tractable, by far, than they. When his passions are aroused, nothing can control him but superior force. He disregards, alike, the laws of God and man; sinning, indeed, in ignorance, because he knows no law. He may commit the grossest and most horrible crimes, and yet the law cannot take cognizance of them and mete out to them the penalty, because, forsooth, he does it ignorantly. Such cases are on record. What in another would be called brutal murder, and would meet the death penalty, or imprisonment for life, has been passed over by the Courts of a sister State as not subject to punishment, because the malefactor was an ignorant deaf and dumb man, not held responsible for his conduct.* Such scourges of society must, of course, be restrained, but they cannot rightfully be punished. Let the legislators of Iowa see to it, that there is no occasion or excuse for so awful a tragedy within our State. Let no deaf-mute be left to grow up in ignorance and without restraint, till he gets beyond all control, and break all laws, both human and divine, with impunity. Let us build so large that all may find room, and then let us throw the doors open wide, and even compel them to come in. We should have room not only for actual, but for all possible applicants, that we may be able to say that the noble State of Iowa has made ample provisions for all her deaf and dumb children.

*Levi Bodine, a colored deaf-mute, eighteen years old, brained his employer with an axe, in Ulster Co., N. Y., being provoked, apparently, by violent correction. At last accounts he was an inmate of an Insane Asylum, at Auburn.

[CORRESPONDENCE.]

WEST HENNIKER, N. H., January 24, 1876.

Mr. Editor: In reply to the last number of THE SILENT WORLD on an Industrial Home, this plan did not originate with our New England Gallaudet Association, but with President Swett. On trial it may be good in many respects, if a sufficient voluntary subscription, to be added to the legacy, could be procured.

But to purchase a suitable farm, with necessary things to carry it on, at an early date may be considered an impossibility. It may be most proper to leave this matter to our Association to decide on. The legacy of \$500 was bequeathed by the late Eliza Morrison to none but the "New England Association of Deaf-Mutes" on condition that it exists, allowing the interest to be used for the benefit of our association. This is just as she told me at her home about a year before her death.

The legacy is not paid yet, but the executor has promised to pay it as soon as all legacies are settled up. A necessary selection of some one to secure the legacy fell on me by appointment by the President, by the advice and consent of the Board, so I am waiting for the legacy to be delivered and put at some safe investment.

The "New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-mutes," was formed September 7, 1854. Under my presidency of twelve years this Society was in a flattering state. When a new president took my place, at one time the treasury became nearly empty, greatly to my regret. Were our funds used with prudence and economy, our treasury would be sufficient for fifty years, perhaps a hundred years.

It may seem worth mentioning that, at the time of the foundation of our Association, there was no other Deaf-Mute Association in this country; now societies for deaf-mutes are prevalent.

I am thinking about a Deaf-mute Convention at the time of the Centennial Celebration at Philadelphia. I should want to advise with my deaf-mute friends abroad how to arrange, so as to carry out the idea in our behalf. Perhaps a well educated deaf-mute delegate might be sent from each State, with a hearing one at each State's expense.

The weather has been moderate most of this winter; some ten snow-storms, but no sleighing yet, for January has been somewhat like a winter I recollect thirty-nine years ago. Wood and lumber jobbers are anxiously waiting for snow to come.

Having left my farm to a young man to carry on, I quit, as I am an old gentleman—seventy-two years of age February 25, 1876. I pass my time in overseeing my premise, reading, writing, riding my pet mare, and visiting my old friends, and aiding my deaf-mute brethren in case of need, &c. I am thankful that I have been blessed to live to such an advanced age, and hope to be spared awhile yet to work for the good of deaf-mute societies, as I have for many years.

May success follow THE SILENT WORLD.

Yours truly,

THOMAS BROWN.

FROM NEW YORK.

We deeply regret to announce the death of Mr. Edward Cook, who departed this life on the 7th of January last, at the National Home for Deaf-mutes.

We give a brief account of Mr. Edward Cook. He was seventy-one years of age. He was educated at the Pennsylvania Institution and there he graduated. We are informed that he was married. A few years ago he was taken to the above-named Home on account of infirmity. He went to St. Ann's Church regularly, of which he was a member. On New Year's day, he was stricken down by

paralysis and gradually sank till his life closed on January 7. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet officiated at the funeral service on Jan. 10, and the remains were interred in Greenwood Cemetery. Mr. Cook was universally respected and loved, his loss is keenly felt by his friends.

On the 12th. of December. If not mistaken about the date, Dr. Isaac L. Peet Principal of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb returned home from church in the family carriage and as the horse was going down hill he slipped and the occupants of the carriage were thrown out to the ground. The Principal's niece was taken home insensible. Dr. Peet himself was slightly bruised and was a little lame for a day or so. The others escaped injury. It was a miraculous escape.

At the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, the typhoid fever which broke out last November now begins to abate. The school is still temporarily closed. Two more deaths have occurred. We cannot now say much about the school.

Talk of establishing a library indulged in by the members of the Manhattan Literary Association; the plans may yet be carried out.

Mr. George Farley, late Secretary of the Manhattan Literary Association, has gone to Utica, as has been announced in THE SILENT WORLD. It is said that he is coming back to the city of New York.

xx.

New York, February 3, 1876.

SHOULD THE BIBLE BE EXCLUDED FROM THE PUBLIC SCHOOL?

THE above question is an important one and was well handled before an unusually small assemblage of deaf-mutes at St. Ann's Church, under the auspices of the Manhattan Literary Association, on the 27th of January last.

Messrs. Thomas Godfrey and W. A. Bond, of the Sunnyside Social Club, of Brooklyn, opened the debate in the affirmative and Messrs. McGann and Fitzgerald, of the Manhattan Literary Association in the negative.

The affirmatives took the floor, after the usual greetings and cited Governor Dix, Rev. H. W. Beecher, and Rev. Mr. Clarke's remarks upon the exclusion of the Bible from the Public Schools. They gave some strong arguments in favor of it.

They did not think it right to tax the Jews and Catholics to support the schools where the Protestant Bible is read. It was not right to subject those who did not believe in it to its teachings. They urged its removal, not because Catholics, but because justice and religion require it. Reading the Bible in the Sunday-Schools and Churches is proper, because these are religious institutions. The schools on the other hand, are for secular and scientific instruction. The Bible is not an amulet, and has no effect in the schools. The Bible should not be read in the schools whose fund comes from a people of all religions. Public opinion is at variance with the Bible in regard to the meaning of the Scriptures, and therefore, the Bible should be excluded from the Public schools. In the course of Mr. W. A. Bond's remarks, he made excellent signs, easily understood by everybody present.

The negatives stepped on the platform and gave a few good points. They strongly opposed the exclusion of the Bible from the schools. They showed that the Bible is a time-honored institution; to worship according to its teaching the passengers of the Mayflower fled to America. They thought it would be right to read the Bible in the schools. They said if the Bible should be excluded, the schools could not prosper as now. The Bible is the basis of education. Many children would grow up in ignorance and wickedness if the Bible should not be read in the

schools. The debate evinced the fact that the question had been poorly studied. Each debator was listened to with great interest and attention.

At the conclusion of the debate the voting resulted in the favor of the negatives by seventeen to sixteen.

O. K.

It was generally expected among deaf-mutes of this city and vicinity that Mr. Charles W. Van Tassel would lecture before the Manhattan Literary Association on the 20th ult, and, in consequence, a large number of them including many of the fair sex, assembled in the rooms of the Association in St. Ann's Church. Mr. Van Tassel arrived promptly upon time, and was introduced to the audience by President Witschief, but instead of delivering a lecture he told a story of considerable interest, which at its conclusion was heartily applauded and a vote of thanks were tendered him by the Association. Before telling his story, he spoke of the sickness at the Institution and of the false stories about it, which were published in certain newspapers by a deaf-mute of Brooklyn. It is to be hoped that hereafter, deaf-mutes who write for papers will take more pains in their accounts of what takes place at "Fanwood."

I have heard on good authority that in consequence of the frequent occurrence of typhoid and other fevers at the Institution on Washington Heights, the Board of Directors have resolved that, from the beginning of the next term in September, the number of pupils there shall be reduced from five hundred to three hundred, and out of the other two hundred odd, some will be transferred to the Rome Institution, and others to a new Institution to be established at Rochester, with Mr. Westervelt as principal, and another in some portion of Westchester County, while New Jersey will have to provide other quarters for her deaf-mutes.

A business meeting of the Manhattan Literary Association took place on the 3rd instant, at which Committees on Amusements and the Library were appointed. The former is to give a pantomimic entertainment, and the latter to form what its name implies.

A meeting of the Silentia Lodge, Order of Elect Surds, took place on the 8th instant, at which considerable business of importance was transacted.

CASSIVELAUNUS.

New York, February 9, 1876.

FROM CHICAGO.

SINCE the second anniversary of the Deaf-Mute Society, which was so successfully celebrated on January 18, 1876, the deaf-mutes of our great city have been in a state most properly designated calm the service of Mr. A. W. Mann, held in St. Jones Church in the afternoon, and at the Society Rooms in the evening of January 31st, being with one exception the only break in the usual routine of daily life. This exception was the departure of the long tried Society, and newly elected the President, Mr. R. M. Thomas.

This gentleman who has so frequently been mentioned in connection with the Society, finding business dull and times hard, concluded to go home to his mother and try farming awhile. He has rendered the Society much valuable service, and the best wishes of all the members follow him to his Canadian home.

On the day before his departure when he transferred to Mrs. M. A. Emery, newly elected Secretary, the Society's Books which he had kept so long and neatly, and consequently had to sign his name to the list of members, he found himself at a point where several ways met, neither of which he could honestly take.

The constitution which the Society has adopted requires that each member in signing his or her name, shall give residence,

occupation, age, and state if married or single. Not being married he thought to sign himself a bachelor, but Mrs. Emery demurred, saying "You can't, you are not old enough for that." After a little talk and consideration he signed himself, "Tired of single blessedness." Mr. Ellegood's new paper *THE CHIT CHAT* is at hand and for all classes child's paper; the title is excellent. Speed it along.

VISITOR.

Chicago, February 15, 1876.

PERSONAL.

We would remind our readers that we are wholly dependent upon their good nature and courtesy for the matter contained in the Personal Department. It does not take long to write and send a short item for this department, yet the shortest item about an old school-mate or friend may be of more value than all the rest of the paper to any one of our readers. We ask, therefore, that each and every one of our readers will consider himself or herself one of the editors of the Personal Column, and send any thing, no matter how little, which maybe of interest.

MICHAEL D. BARNITZ, who graduated at the Pennsylvania Institution, was re-elected Assistant Secretary, of the Vigilant Fire Company, on Friday, January 7, 1876. He resides in York, Pa. and is highly respected.

MR. HARPER, of Shippensburg, has been appointed agent for the sale of "Men of Mark" in Chambersburg and vicinity, and will soon enter upon the discharge of his duties. Ms Harper will also deliver the book to subscribers in this vicinity. He has been a canvasser for this work in Shippensburg, and more recently in Hagerstown, Md. This is a work of local value, and should be in every library in the valley. The history of the valley is given in the book, and, besides, the sketches of the individuals are really a part of the general history of the valley. The book is cheap, too, at the price at which it is sold. We bespeak for Mr. Harper, who is a deaf-mute, a kind reception.—*Chambersburg (Pa.) Repository.*

MISS AMELIA P. BARNARD, a graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution, living on the Heights of Georgetown, D. C., and her sisters are in the possession of a ring that contains a mosaic of Charles II; his long curly hair falling on his shoulders, his merry, bold eyes looking full at you, beneath which, in a small locket set in the ring, is a lock of his hair; the whole is covered with a crystal, and surrounded with diamonds and rubies. It belonged to their ancestor, Sir John Lawrence, who at the time of the great fire in London—1666—was Lord Mayor of the city; he was a man of enormous means, and spent nearly the whole of his fortune succoring the distressed, rebuilding the burnt districts, clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, doing with his one pair of hands the charities of hundreds. The fame of his good deeds went abroad, and so pleased the King, that at a banquet given in his honor, he begged Sir John Lawrence would accept, as a proof of personal respect and esteem, the ring.

H. HUMPHREY MOORE, an artist whose pictures relating to Spanish life are well known to the visitors to the Exhibition of the National Academy of Design, has returned from Spain and the Orient, where he has been pursuing his studies, and settled in New York for the practice of his profession. Mr. Moore is a deaf-mute. His unfortunate deprivation of speech and hearing has not impaired the other senses, but rather made them more acute. His coloring shows the training of the modern Spanish school, and in brilliancy and harmony of expression is equal to the best examples we have seen. At present Mr. Moore is engaged upon a large picture of a dancing girl, gracefully tripping to the notes of a guitar played by a Moor, who is reclining upon a rug at her feet. The scene is portrayed in an apartment of the Alhambra, some of the grand arches and arabesque decorations of which are given

in tones of rare brilliancy. Mr. Moore appears to have made color, in its most gorgeous combinations, his especial study, and the mastery of his style and manner of handling is apparent in this work. In the drawing of the sinuous figure of the girl there is a resemblance to Gerome's "L'Almee," a master-work by that artist which is now in the collection of Mr. John Hoey, but this may be changed in the finish of the picture. A little picture which gives a good idea of Mr. Moore's brilliant style is now on exhibition at the Goupil Gallery. It is entitled "The Facha's Saddle."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

THE CENTENNIAL.

We have crossed the threshold of the year which completes the century since, in the neighboring city of Philadelphia, a band of undaunted patriots, representing struggling and sparsely settled colonies, weak in all those maternal resources which constitute the foundation of a country's greatness, and justify the pride and pomp with which it asserts its rightful claim to be recognized among the great powers of the earth, but strong in the belief in the justice of their cause, and in their confidence that the Great Arbiter over all would supply their weakness with His almighty strength, proclaimed, to the world that immortal instrument in which they declare "that these United Colonies are and of right ought to be free and independent States.

But high as may have been the hopes of the members of that patriotic assembly as to the future of the infant government, which by their act was called into existence, and grand as may have been the visions of its growing greatness, which some, by their prescience, were enabled dimly to behold, it is safe to assume that not even the wisest and most enthusiastic among them all dared to hope that on the first centennial anniversary of its birth it would stand among the great powers, the peer of the proudest and grandest of them all in everything that constitutes a country's power and glory. And yet all this has been accomplished, and in the pride of a vigorous youth, which gives promise of greatly increased strength and growth before the full powers of ripened manhood are reached, our country has determined to call around it all the nations to join with it on the spot made sacred by its birth in commemorating that auspicious event, and in exhibiting, in comparison with that of our country the development of their natural resources, and their progress in those arts which benefit mankind: "Thirty-eight foreign governments for themselves and their many provinces, colonies, and dependencies, have, in the spirit of true comity signified in most friendly terms their purpose to participate" in what it is now absolutely certain will be the grandest international exhibition which has ever yet been held.

INSTITUTION NEWS.

MARYLAND.

The special legislative committee, which arrived in Frederick last night in a special train provided by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, visited the Deaf and Dumb Institution this morning about ten o'clock, and were received by Messrs. Wm. J. Ross, George R. Dennis, U. S. Senator, H. Clay Nall, Dr. Fairfax Schley, W. R. Barry and Wm. H. Falconer, of the board of visitors, and Mr. Charles W. Ely, principal of the Institution. A thorough examination was made, by the committee of the class-rooms and every part of the building. The exercises were of an interesting character, and elicited much expression favorable to the management of this laudable charity. The remarkable proficiency exhibited by many of even the younger scholars was favorably commented on. After the exercises in the chapel, which were in articulation and in the sign language, Mr. W. R. Barry, of Baltimore, spoke of the many excellent advantages and facilities for education provided by the State in this Institution. He

urged upon the members of the Legislature to use every effort to have the deaf-mute children of suitable age enter here and avail themselves of the opportunities afforded. He said it was to be regretted that only about ninety out of nearly two hundred boys and girls of this class in the State were here enjoying advantages which will prove so beneficial to them in life.—*Baltimore Sun*.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

THE laughter costs too much which is purchased at the expense of decency or propriety.

What's in a name, again?—One Thomas Miscreant has been arrested in Corpus Christi, Tex., for horse-stealing.

The total income of the Prince of Wales from all sources is about \$75,000. The Princess receives besides \$50,000.

A blind medicant in Paris wears this inscription around his neck "Don't be ashamed to give only a sou. I can't see."

It is the opinion of some of the best informed Philadelphia papers that there will be tramps enough in that city by May to eat the whole centennial up.

Agassiz was invited to lecture in Portland, and a great price was to be paid him. His reply was: "I have no time to make money this winter."

A chandler having had some candles stolen, a person bid him to be of good cheer, "for in a short time," said he, "I am confident they will all come to light."

The will of the late Dr. Samuel G. Howe leaves the largest part of his estate to his daughters, and gives the interest of \$2,000 annually to Laura Bridgeman during her life.

"Patrick, where's the whisky I gave you to clean the windows with?" "Och, master, I just drank it; and I thought if I breathed on the glass it would be all the same."

Chinamen stand by each other in this country. Those employed at shoemaking in North Adams have contributed out of their scanty earnings \$347 to defend one who is entangled in law in Nevada.

A candidate for the Quebec Centre, in Canada, has to answer for a remarkable act of personal corruption—giving a voter gratuitously a dose of senna and salts with a view to influence his vote.

The creditors of a Boston bankrupt hesitate about accepting twenty-five cents on the dollar, on the already pretext that the bankrupt went to the meeting of creditors behind a stylish pair of horses and a driver in livery.

Another deadly explosive has been discovered in the shape of barrelled sauer-kraut. A keg of it went off the other day in a Steuben county man's cellar, making a terrific noise and smashing things generally.

A letter-carrier at Halifax has been arrested for stealing letters. It proved, however, on examination, that he had not stolen them, as 2,000 letters were found at his house unopened. He had been too lazy to deliver them.

A bill has been introduced into the Pennsylvania Legislature making it a penal offense to point a pistol or gun or any firearm at a person, whether in jest or earnest. What will the newspaper do for "didn't know it was loaded" items?

A Chinaman in California, whose life was insured for a large amount was seriously hurt by a fall from a wagon. There was some doubt of his ever getting better, and at length one of his friends wrote to the insurance company: "Charlie half dead, likee half money."

The tramps in Washington have got so far now as to step up to the doors of Congress, call out individual members of Congress, representing themselves as hard-up constituents, and kindly requests the loan of a couple of dollars. Five of them were arrested at it.

A new class of relics, the might have been, is to be developed at the centennial. Thus the *Norwich Bulletin* says: "Washington was once asked to dine with Judge Jones. The chair in which he would have sat, if he had accepted this invitation, will be exhibited at the centennial."

Some two weeks since a clergyman, seventy-three years old, was found dead in his room at Leamington, England, having died from lack of necessities of life. The coroner's inquest revealed the fact that for many years he had subsisted on an income of 8 pence a day, his food being bread, milk, cheese, and cocoa.

The gamins of London, being forbidden to beg in the street, have nearly circumvented the law. They purchase a bundle of straw, commerce of all kinds being free, and, sitting at the corner of a street entreat pedestrians to buy a single wisp. It is said that some of the urchins, by this traffic, make a profit of over \$10 per day.

Step up to a citizen and tell him that his father and grandfather were lunatic and see how quickly he will crook his elbow. Yet, let that citizen shoot somebody, and he will bless you if you will help him prove that all his ancestors were not only crazy, but the biggest fools in the neighborhood.

A French editor has devised a new mode of dealing with murderers. It is to legally declare them outside the pale of law, so that whoever wishes to assassinate them may do it with impunity. He holds that the terror of being liable at any time to be shot down, would be a most terrible punishment and deterrent from crime.

This is the way scandal grows and spreads: A young Pennsylvania pastor boarded in the same house and roomed with a dry goods merchant, and was frequently in his friend's store, and often assisted him. Not long ago he bought forty-nine cents' worth of goods, leaned over the counter, dropped a two dollar bill into the money drawer, and took out the change. Some customers saw him, guessed he was stealing, and circulated the story in the village. And from this speedily grew the tale that the young pastor was a veteran till tapper, and had raided on nearly money drawer in town. But the church and the pastor went straightway to work and traced the scandal back to its starting place, the storekeeper and his two clerks explained the circumstances, a vote of confidence was unanimously passed, and the little village is quiet once more.

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